

## **The Land God Forgot**

*ROBERT W. SERVICE*

The lonely sunsets flare forlorn  
Down valleys dreadly desolate;  
The lordly mountains soar in scorn  
As still as death, as stern as fate.  
The lonely sunsets flame and die;  
The giant valleys gulp the night;  
The monster mountains scrape the sky,  
Where eager stars are diamond-bright.  
So gaunt against the gibbous moon,  
Piercing the silence velvet-piled,  
A lone wolf howls his ancient rune --  
The fell arch-spirit of the Wild.  
O outcast land! O leper land!  
Let the lone wolf-cry all express  
The hate insensate of thy hand,  
Thy heart's abysmal loneliness.